

Treasure Chest

Vol. 8 No. 12
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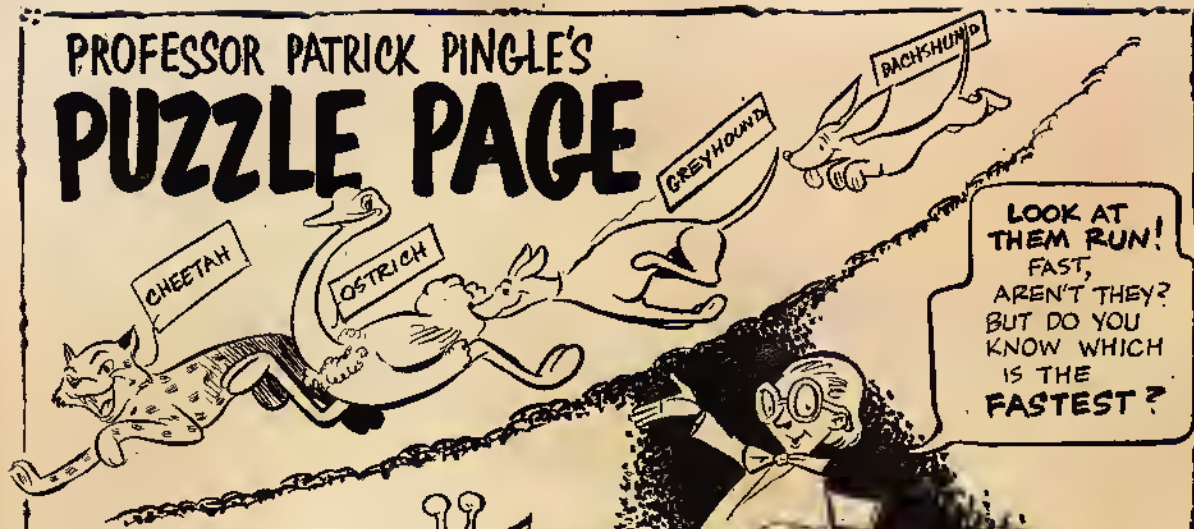
OF FUN





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

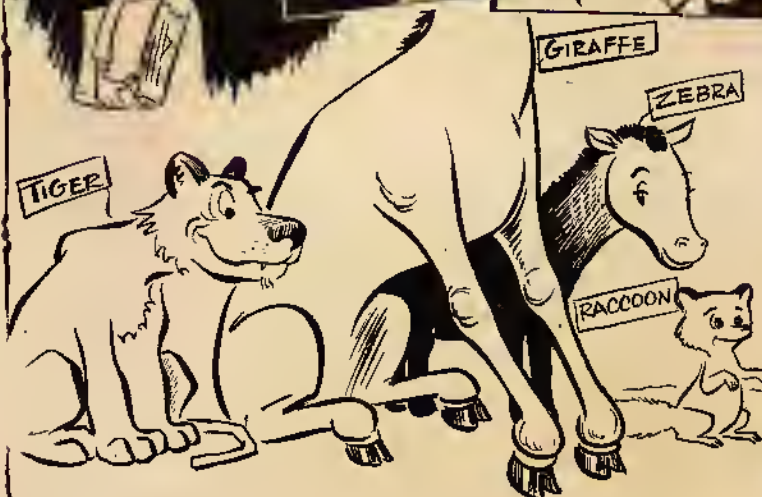
PROFESSOR PATRICK PINGLE'S PUZZLE PAGE



NOW, WHAT ONE THING IN COMMON DO THESE ANIMALS POSSESS? WHY THE ABILITY TO LIVE LONG OF COURSE, BUT WHICH LIVES THE LONGEST?



THERE! I'VE TAKEN OFF ALL THEIR STRIPES AND SPOTS. CAN YOU PUT THEM BACK ON THE CORRECT ANIMALS?



FASTEST ANIMAL-CHEETAH, OVER 75 M.P.H. LONGEST-LIVED ANIMAL-TURTLE, OVER 150 YEARS. AND STRIPES FOR EVERYONE BUT THE GIRAFFE, HE'S SPOTTED.

The Old Faith in a New World

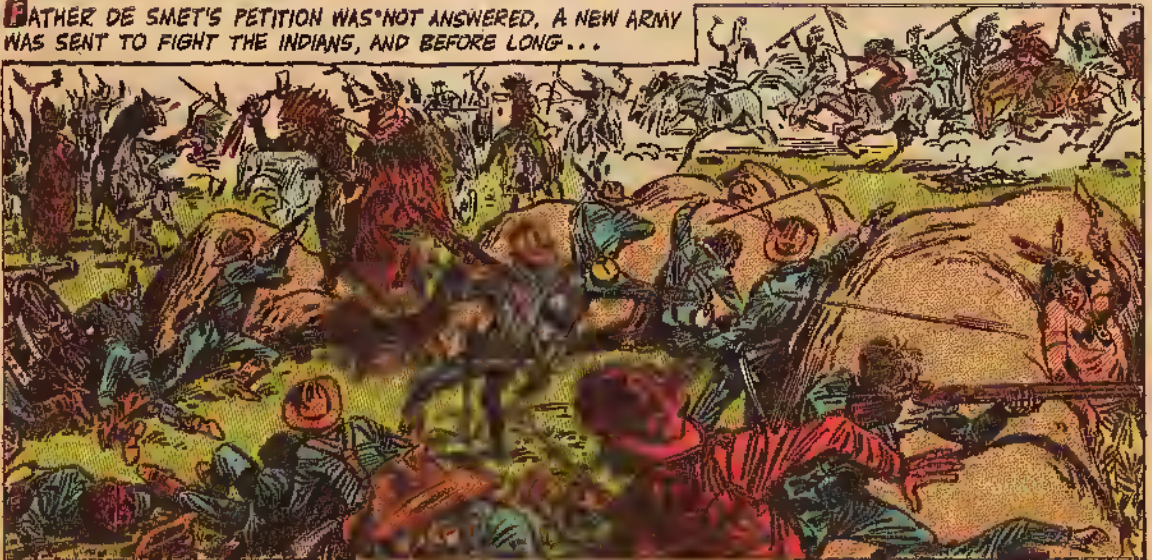
INTO THE CAMP OF SITTING BULL

by Lorraine Murphy

Illustrated by Frank Borth



FATHER DE SMET'S PETITION WAS NOT ANSWERED. A NEW ARMY WAS SENT TO FIGHT THE INDIANS, AND BEFORE LONG...



MEANWHILE, IN WASHINGTON...

THE SIOUX CAMPAIGN THIS YEAR HAS COST US \$20,000 BESIDES THE MEN IT HAS LOST. WE CAN'T CARRY THIS BURDEN IN ADDITION TO THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES.

THERE IS ONLY ONE MAN I KNOW WHO MIGHT REACH THE HOSTILE SIOUX WITH PROPOSALS OF PEACE. THAT, MR. PRESIDENT, IS FATHER PIERRE DE SMET, A JESUIT MISSIONARY.



FATHER DE SMET WAS CALLED TO WASHINGTON.

MR. SECRETARY, TO THE SIOUX OUR GOVERNMENT IS NO LONGER THE GREAT WHITE FATHER, BUT THE CHIEF OF BIG KNIVES. I HAVE SPENT MY LIFE TRYING TO HELP THEM. IF I GO TO THEM NOW AS A GOVERNMENT REPRESENTATIVE, THEY WILL THINK I HAVE BETRAYED THEM.

BUT PEACE WOULD BE TO THEIR ADVANTAGE, TOO. EVENTUALLY, THEY ARE SURE TO LOSE.

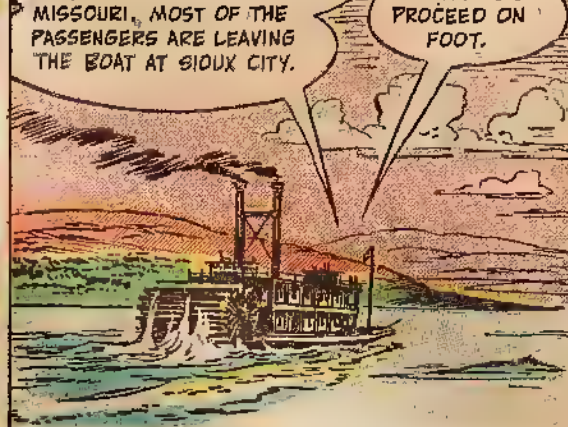


IT IS ONLY FOR THAT REASON THAT I AM WILLING TO GO... BUT I'LL GO AT MY OWN EXPENSE. I'LL FIRST VISIT THE SIOUX WHO ARE STILL AT PEACE WITH THE WHITES AND ASK THEM TO HELP ME REACH THEIR BROTHERS IN REVOLT.



I HAVE RECEIVED WORD, FATHER, THAT 3,000 ARMED SIOUX LIE IN WAIT TO AMBUSH EVERY STEAM-BOAT THAT PASSES UP THE MISSOURI. MOST OF THE PASSENGERS ARE LEAVING THE BOAT AT SIOUX CITY.

I'LL STAY ON AS FAR AS YOU'RE GOING... THEN I'LL PROCEED ON FOOT.



FORT BERTHOLD (NORTH DAKOTA) WAS REACHED SAFELY.

THE SIOUX JUST PLANTED THEMSELVES ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MISSOURI... 300 STRONG. THERE WON'T BE FORTY WINKS FOR ANY OF US TONIGHT.

IF THERE IS A BOAT I CAN USE, I'LL GO ACROSS TO THEM AT ONCE.





AROUND THE COUNCIL FIRE THAT NIGHT THE INDIANS TOLD FATHER DE SMET THEIR MANY REASONS FOR MAKING WAR ON THE WHITES.



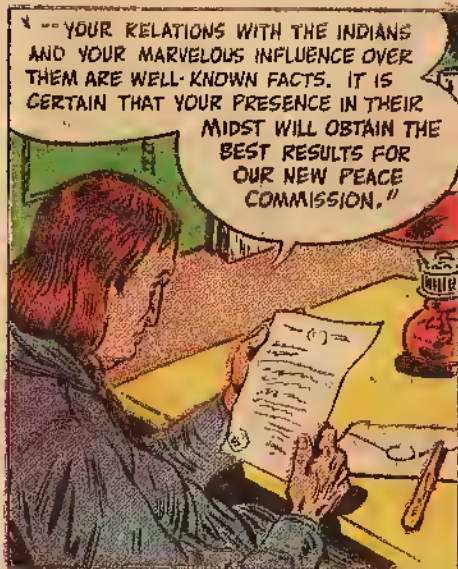
THESE SIOUX AGREED TO MEET WITH THE GOVERNMENT COMMISSION. OTHER BRANCHES OF THE SIOUX SHOWED INTEREST IN THE PEACE TALKS.



SUCH AN ATTITUDE MADE FATHER DE SMET'S MISSION IMPOSSIBLE. HE DECIDED TO RETURN TO ST. LOUIS AND WAIT UNTIL GENERAL SULLY'S MISTAKE WAS RECOGNIZED.

A FEW MONTHS LATER GENERAL SULLY AGAIN ASKED THE BLACKROBE TO INTERVENE. ILL HEALTH PREVENTED HIS GOING.

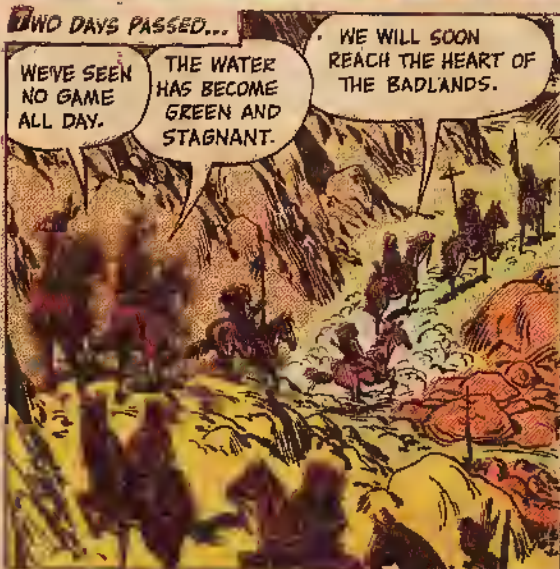
THREE SUMMERS LATER, HE RECEIVED AN URGENT LETTER FROM THE COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS.



1 MONTH LATER FATHER DE SMET ARRIVED AT FORT RICE, TO A NUMBER OF FRIENDLY SIOUX CHIEFS HE EXPLAINED HIS PLANS.

TOMORROW AT SUNRISE I PLAN TO GO IN SEARCH OF THE HOSTILE SIOUX TO ASK THEM TO A PEACE CONFERENCE HERE AT FORT RICE.

BUT BLACKROBE, IT WILL COST YOU YOUR SCALP! THE FEATHERS THEY WEAR ARE MANY... AND EACH FEATHER MEANS A SCALP!



MANY DAYS LATER, A GROUP FROM THE HOSTILE CAMP DREW NEAR...



AND SO...



IT IS THE BANNER OF MARY,
MOTHER AND PROTECTOR OF
ALL NATIONS.



YOUR WELCOME GIVES
ME GREAT JOY. WILL YOU
GRANT ME A NIGHT'S REST
BEFORE WE MEET IN
COUNCIL?

A LODGE HAS BEEN
PREPARED FOR YOU IN THE
CENTER OF OUR CAMP. MY
WARRIORS WILL GUARD YOU
THROUGH THE NIGHT.

THE NEXT MORNING...



BLACKROBE, I HAVE SHED THE
BLOOD OF MANY WHITE MEN, BUT
YOU ARE OUR FRIEND. I WILL
LISTEN TO YOU.

FIRST, LET US PREPARE
A GREAT COUNCIL WHERE I
CAN HEAR THE COMPLAINTS
OF YOUR PEOPLE.

THE COUNCIL WAS A SUCCESS. IT WAS AGREED THAT THE SIOUX WOULD SEND EIGHT WARRIORS TO REPRESENT THEM AT A COUNCIL AT FORT RICE.

NEW OF FATHER DE SMET'S SUCCESS REACHED FORT RICE AHEAD OF HIM, AND A GREAT RECEPTION WAS PREPARED.



ON JULY 2, 1868, THE GREAT PEACE COUNCIL WAS HELD—50,000 INDIANS WERE REPRESENTED.

THE HARM DONE BY THE WAR HAS BEEN GREAT, AND THE CRIMES COMMITTED ON BOTH SIDES, TERRIBLE. THE GREAT FATHER NOW DESIRES THAT ALL SHOULD BE FORGOTTEN AND BURIED. TODAY HIS HAND IS READY TO AID YOU.



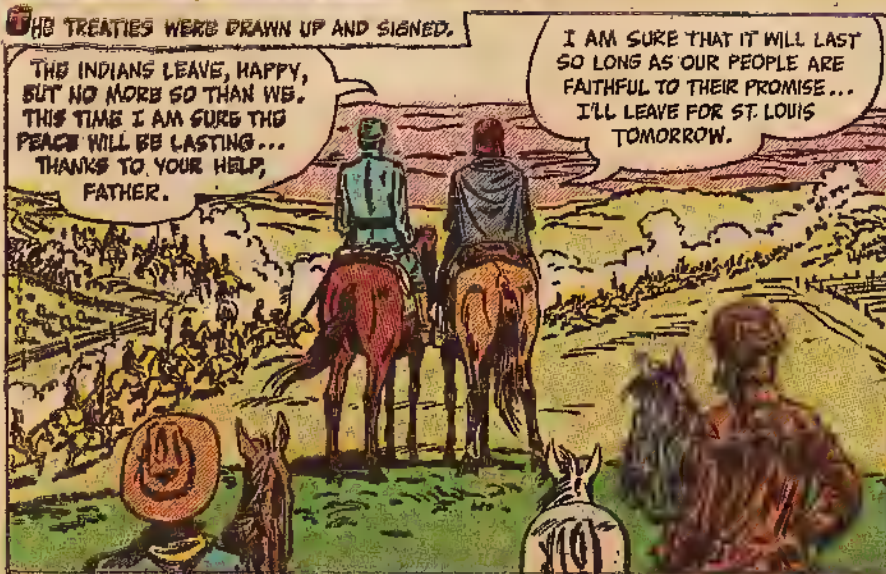
THE TREATIES WERE DRAWN UP AND SIGNED.

THE INDIANS LEAVE, HAPPY, BUT NO MORE SO THAN WE. THIS TIME I AM SURE THE PEACE WILL BE LASTING... THANKS TO YOUR HELP, FATHER.

I AM SURE THAT IT WILL LAST SO LONG AS OUR PEOPLE ARE FAITHFUL TO THEIR PROMISE... I'LL LEAVE FOR ST. LOUIS TOMORROW.

THE TREATY LASTED UNTIL THE GREED OF THE WHITE MEN BROKE ITS EVERY PROVISION.

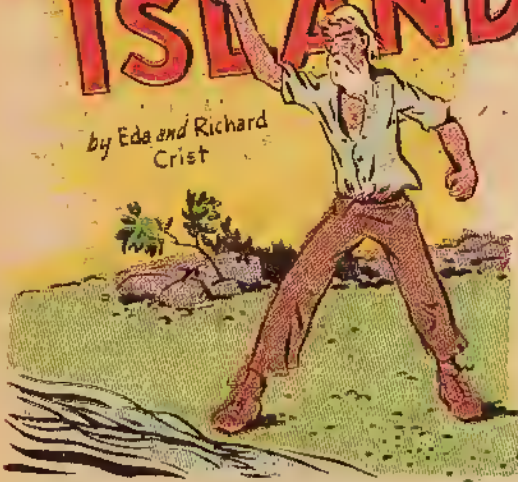
SITTING BULL MADE ONE FINAL BLOODY EFFORT TO SAVE HIS PEOPLE, BUT FAILED. BY THIS TIME, HOWEVER, FATHER DE SMET WAS ONLY A GLORIOUS MEMORY IN THE HEARTS OF HIS BELOVED INDIANS.



The End

DODO ISLAND

by Eda and Richard Crist



Peter Wintergreen and Beanpole Jones clipped a coupon from an old magazine and sent it away to get a free magic lantern. One of the magic lantern slides showed a group of supposedly extinct dodo birds. Peter, Beany, and Mr. Holly, the man who made the magic lanterns, are on their way to South Carolina to find the island on which the pictures were taken.

PART II

THE dodos, Mr. Holly explained to Peter and Beany as they railed along in the bus, probably had been brought to America on a ship about three hundred years ago. Possibly the ship had been wrecked in a storm, and the dodos escaped to the island. No matter how it happened, the dodos still were there long after all the other dodos—who lived in Mauritius—had been killed by men and wild pigs.

"How did the photographer know they were on the island?" Beany asked.

"Oh, he just came upon them. He kept it a secret. He told only me; and I've kept it a secret, and have told only you."

"We won't tell anybody at all," promised Peter.

"Except my Uncle Forey," said Beany.

They rade all night. The next day they came to South Carolina. In Charleston, they changed buses. But instead of going to Wiggins, they went to Bennett's Point because that was where Beany's Uncle Forey lived. Besides, it was even closer to the Ashepoo River and the edge of the ocean.

Beany's uncle was quite happy to see them. He gave them big bowls of hot crab soup while he listened to their story.

"By Georget!" he said. "Never heard of any dodos on that island. 'Cause nabady never goes there. Can't get a boat over the sand bar, and there's a mean hermit who waves a sword at any boat that goes near."

"Oh, my," sighed Mr. Holly. "I had hoped he'd be gone. He might be dangerous, but it's a chance we'll take."

"How d'you reckon to get a boat across the sand bar?" asked Uncle Forey. "No one's ever done it since that fatygrafter done it in nineteen-nine. Story they tell hereabouts is he scraped the keel off his boat, and he drifted it shore three days after. Half-starved, he was."

"That's right," nodded Mr. Holly, looking worried—as well he might.

But Peter P. Wintergreen had a plan. "Does any one hereabouts have a flat-bottomed sailboat?"

"None 't all," replied Uncle Forey. "Too hard 't steer."

"I know," said Peter. "But only a flat-bottomed boat could soil over the sand bar. And I'm sure I could steer one. I have a free booklet that shows how to do it."

He suddenly decided he shouldn't be sitting there eating hot crab soup and talking. He should be out finding a rowboat and a mast and a sail; and there was an important errand to do at the drugstore. If they expected to find the lost dodos, it was time to get busy!



In the darkest hour of the night Peter P. Wintergreen and his friends sailed down to the rumbling ocean. They headed east-by-southeast. The sea was black and choppy. There were whitecaps on the waves. But the flat-bottomed boat made rapid time and held a steady course. Before long the terrible roar of waves dashing on a sand bar was heard.

"We've come to the island," said Mr. Holly nervously. "I do hope we can cross the bar."

"I'll do my best," replied Peter—remembering his free booklet about sailing. Expertly, he trimmed the sail. He made a long tack and a short tack. Then, with the wind abeam, he counted the dashing waves: one, two, three . . . As the seventh one came, he swung the rudder, and the boat sailed over the bar as neatly as a leaf. "The seventh wave is usually the biggest," he explained as they quietly landed on the island.

"Does anyone see any dodos?" whispered Beany.

"They'd be asleep," said Mr. Holly. "We'd better go ashore and sleep, ourselves."

Beany looked around fearfully—though he couldn't see a thing. "Wh-what if that old hermit finds us?"

"It's a chance we must take," Mr. Holly said.

When daylight came, they were surprised and alarmed; they had been sleeping less than twenty feet from the hermit's hut! Even worse, the scowl-

ing, bearded old man was boiling his morning tea in the yard—with his huge pirate sword very handy.

Peter grinned. He knew now that his plan would work. He whispered to Beany, "Run like sixty across the yard. Keep going, then lose him in the woods."

Beany was scared. But he knew Peter had a plan that would work. So, yelling like an Indian, he raced across the yard. The old hermit bellowed at the top of his lungs and seized his big sword and dashed after Beany!

Boldly, Peter went over to the pot of tea. He dropped something into it, then hid again near Mr. Holly.

Soon the hermit returned, out of breath, and scowling darker than ever. In a furious temper, he threw the sword down and took a great gulp of tea.

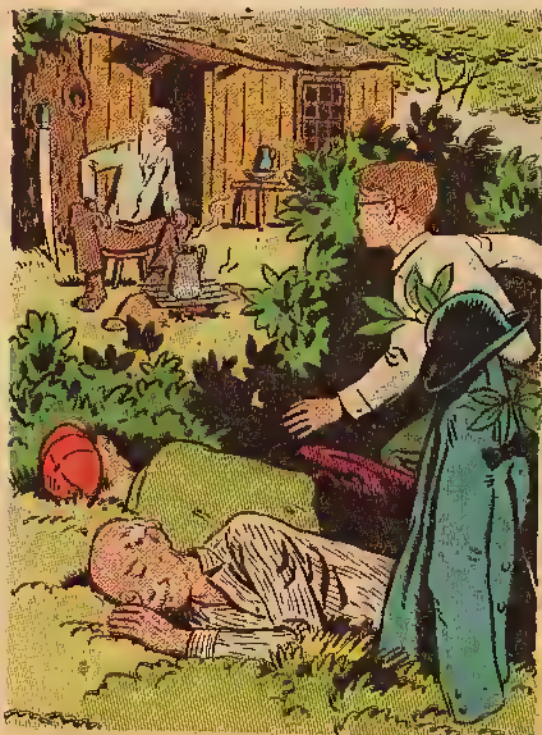


In exactly one minute, a strange thing happened—a smile spread over his bushy face! In one more minute, he started to chuckle. And one minute later, he began humming a tune!

"My word!" murmured Mr. Holly. "What did you put in his tea, Peter?"

"A Little Minute pill," replied Peter. "One of my free booklet says, 'When you feel mean and cross, take a Little Minute pill.' But let's hurry. It might wear off."

As they walked across the yard, Beany came out of the bushes and joined them.



The old hermit looked up. "Good morning!" he smiled. "Will you have some tea?"

"Na, thank you," said Peter. "We ore Mr. Holly, Beanpole Jones, and Peter Wintergreen. We've come to find a dodo. Have you seen any hereabouts?"

"Never heard of 'em," said the hermit. "You must be hungry. I'll fix you something to eat. An omelet."

Although Mr. Holly protested, the old man brought three large, white eggs from his hut and broke them into a frying pan. "I've got the biggest,

kens? The people in the outside world should see what fat, splendid chickens you have."

"All right," growled the hermit. "But eat your omelet first."

"First," said Peter, "we'll put the chickens in our boat, and then—"

The hermit moved toward his sword. "Eat your omelet first!" he thundered.

Slyly, Peter made a sign to the others. Beany and Mr. Holly each grabbed a squawking dodo and ran for the boat. Quickly snatching the sword, Peter flung it into a tupelo gum tree. As the en-



fastest chickens you ever saw," he chuckled. "Stupidest, too. And funny-lookingest."

At that moment, with much peeping and squawking, a flock of fat, gray dodos waddled out of the bushes!

"Geel!" murmured Peter, Mr. Holly, and Beany. "A flock of fat dodos!"

"Chickens," said the hermit, frowning just a little.

"They're really dodos," said Mr. Holly.

"They're chickens," repeated the hermit, frowning deeper and glancing toward his pirate sword.

Peter whispered to Mr. Holly, "The pill is wearing off!" Then, aloud, he said to the hermit, "We must leave now. May we have two of your chic-

aged hermit climbed up for it, Peter sped after his friends. He leaped into the boat and trimmed the sail to the wind. They glided smoothly away from the island, while the old man whirled his sword and roared loudly at them from a branch of the tupelo gum.

The three dodo hunters crossed the sand bar easily. They went up the Ashepoo river to Uncle Forey's house, where they ate some more hot crab soup. Then—with their dodos in a neat, safe cage, they went home on the bus.

The chief zookeeper was naturally startled and astonished to receive the two squawking dodos. Like everyone else, he thought the last dodo had died two hundred and seventy years ago.

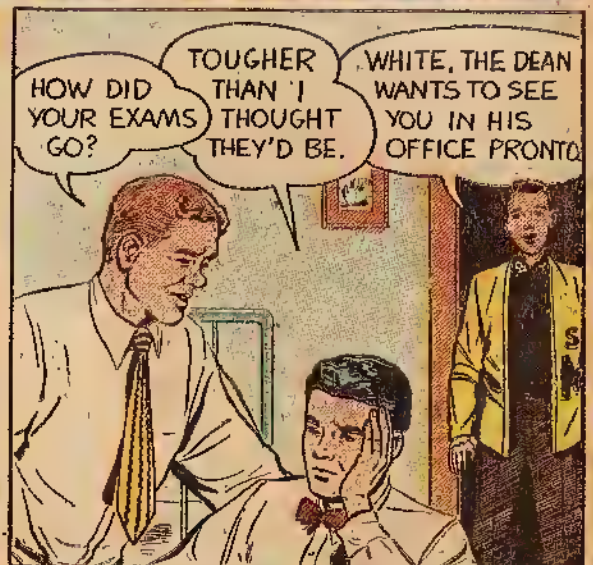
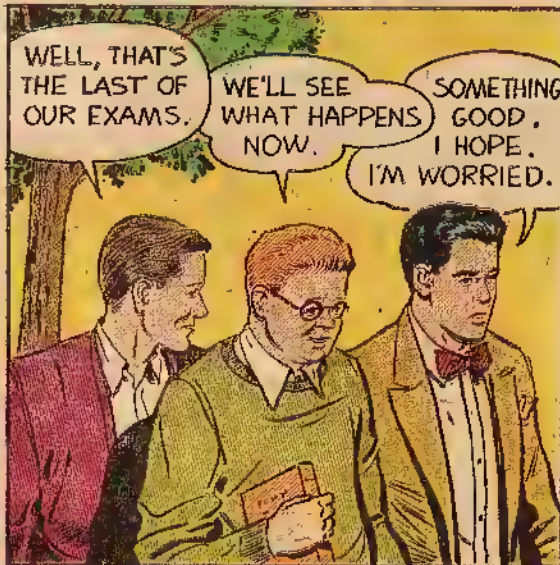
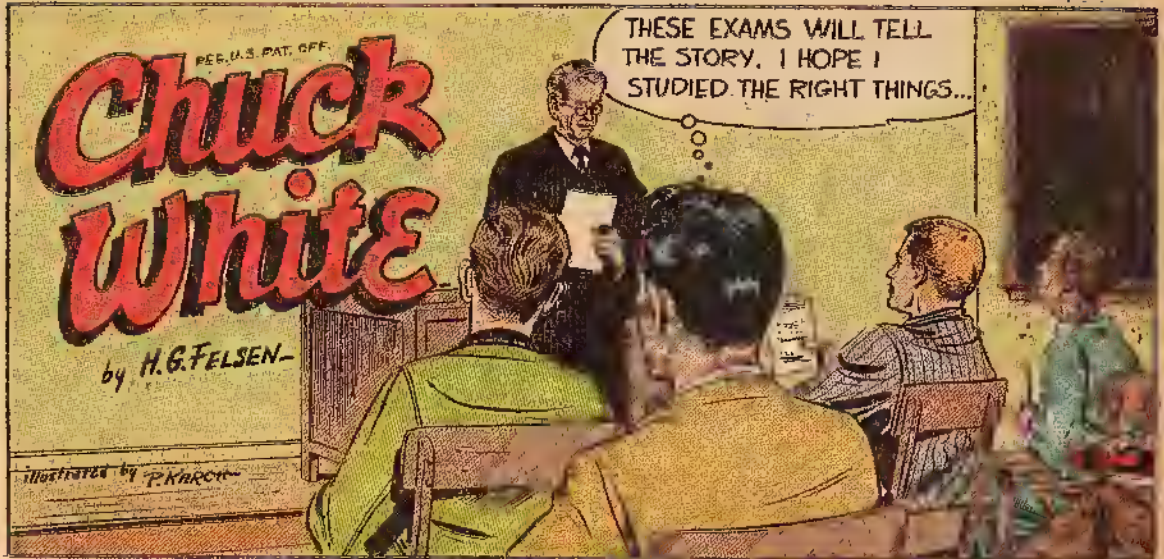
"Peter P. Wintergreen," he said gratefully, "will you be the chief bird catcher for our zoo?"

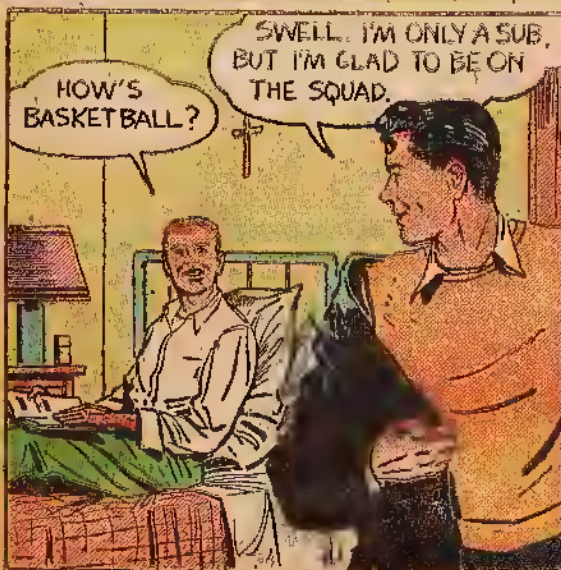
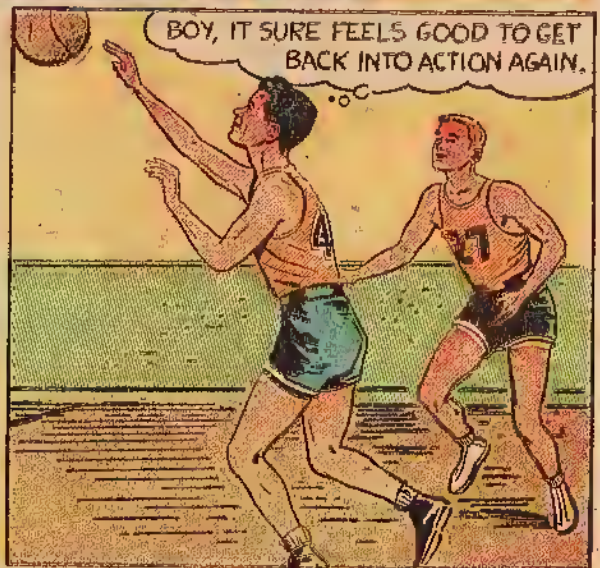
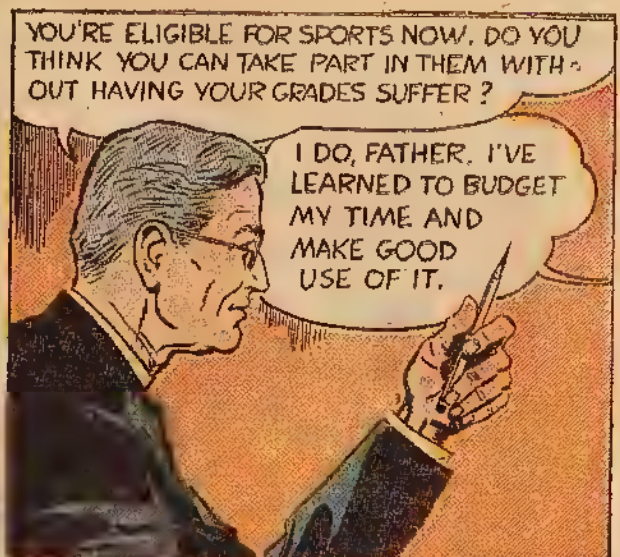
"Thank you," smiled Peter. "I would like to be that! Can Beany and Mr. Holly be catchers, too?"

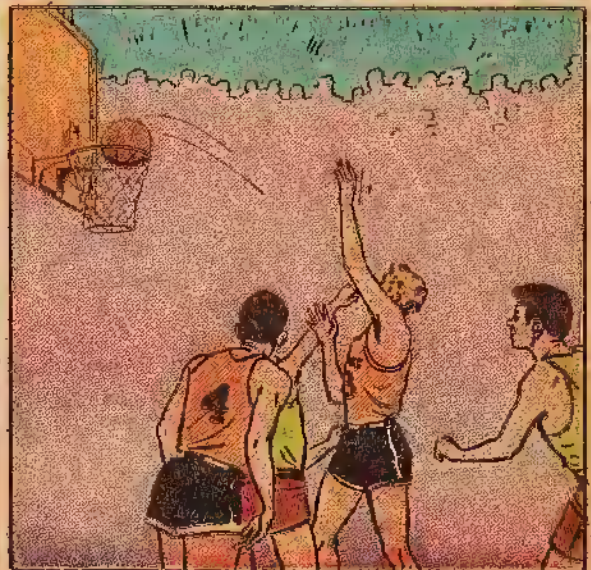
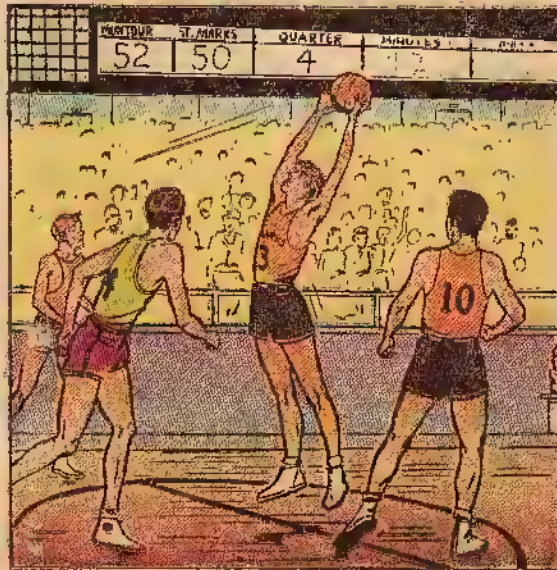
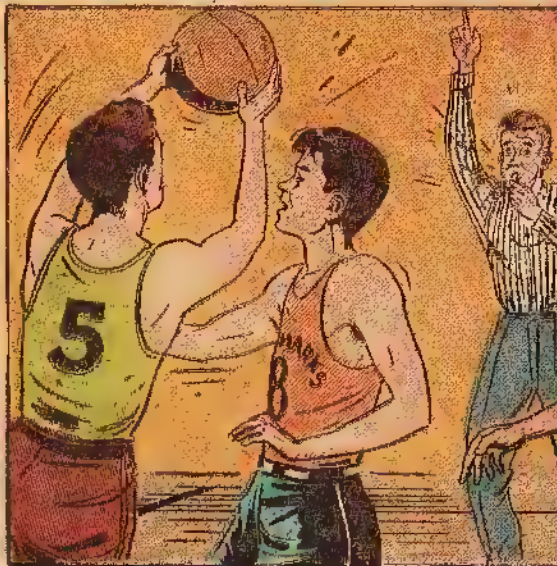
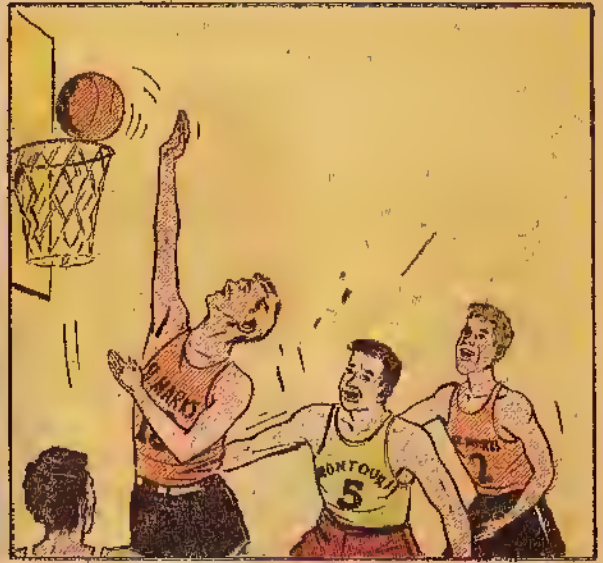
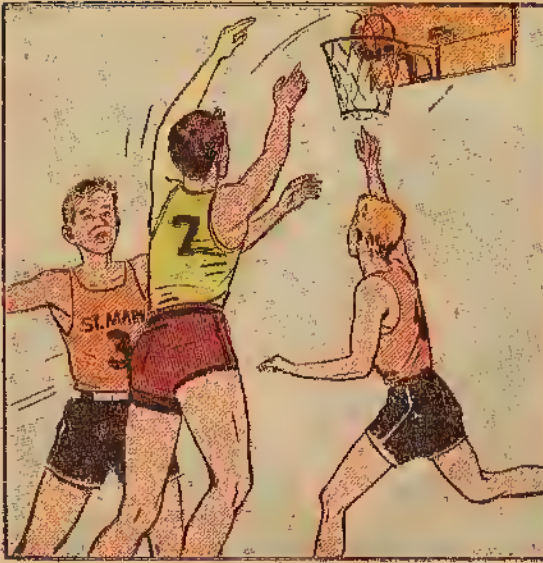
"Of course," said the zookeeper.

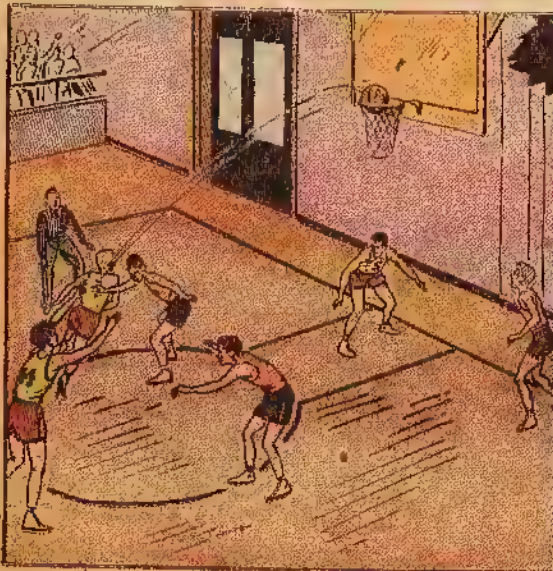
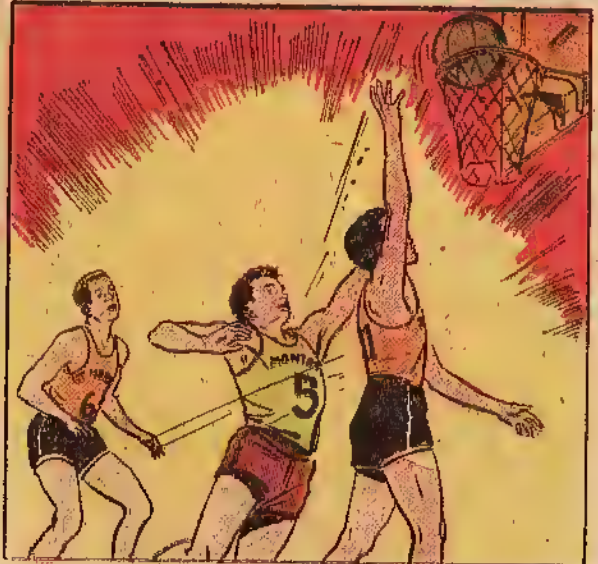
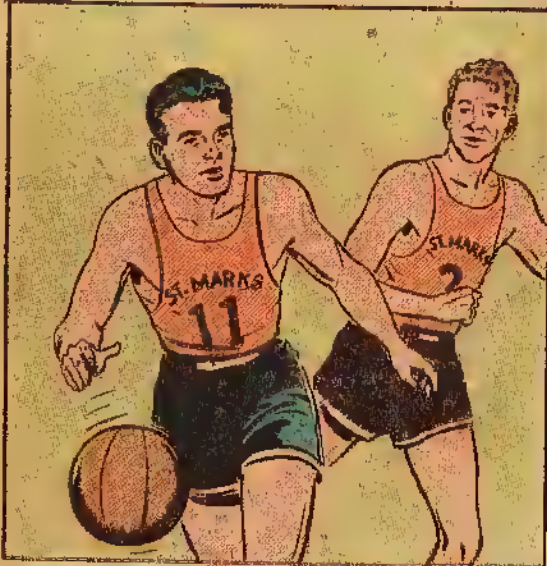
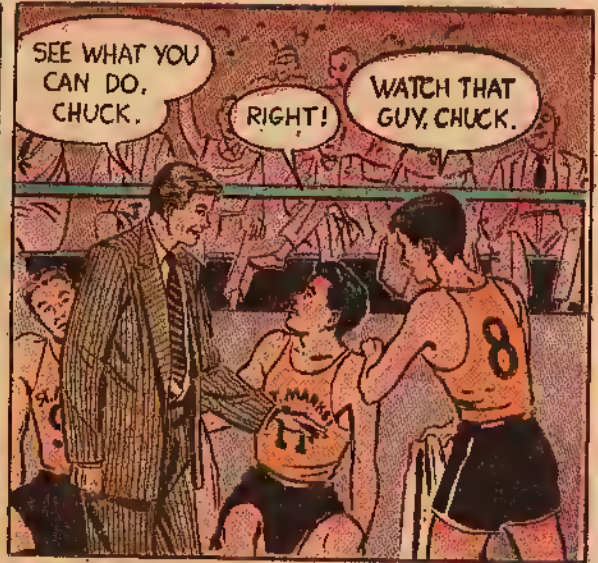
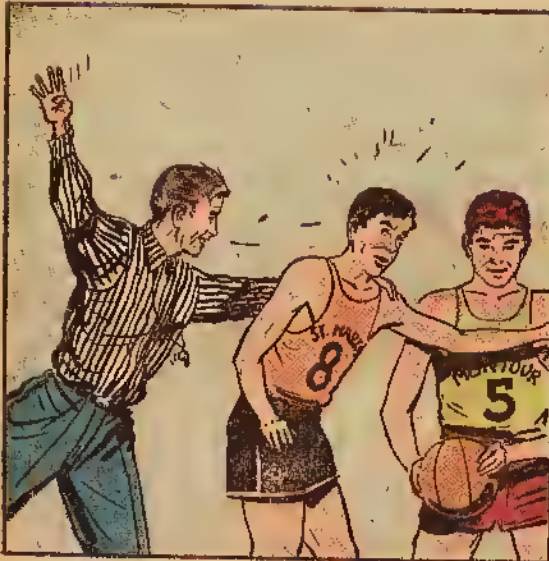
Mr. Holly shook his head. "I must return to my factory. By the way, Peter," he added as he turned to leave, "I'll send you our free booklet—and a sample of our chicken feed to try on the dodos."

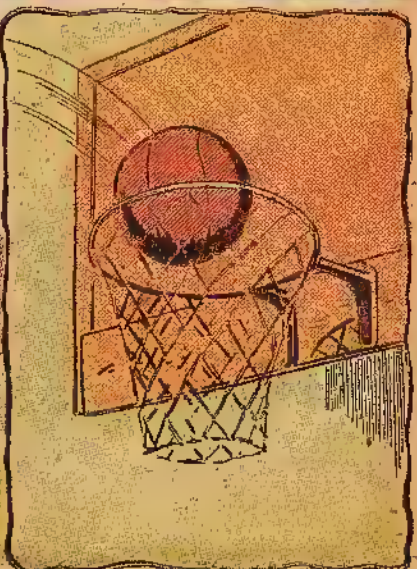
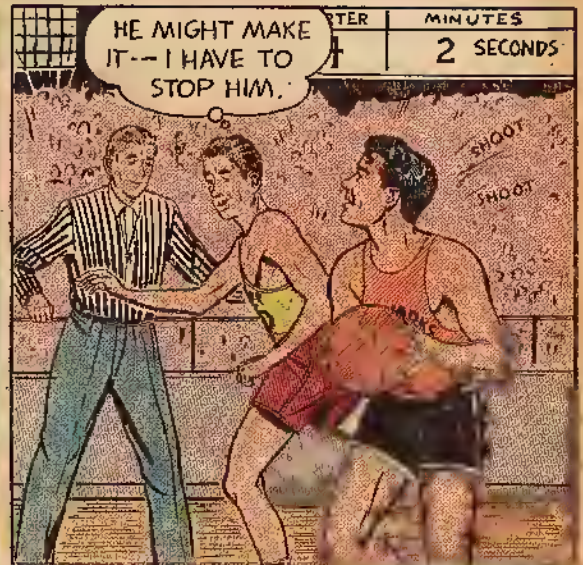
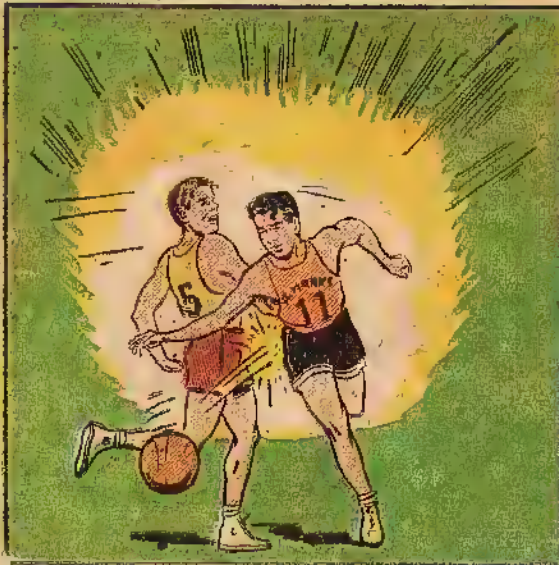
THE END













THAT WAS AN ILLEGAL
TIME OUT. A PLAY WAS
IN PROGRESS.

I KNOW IT WAS
ILLEGAL. I SHOULDN'T
HAVE BLOWN MY
WHISTLE. IT
WAS MY
MISTAKE.



BUT MISTAKE OR NOT,
THE BALL WAS THROWN
AFTER THE WHISTLE.
THE SHOT DOESN'T
COUNT. EVEN IF I BLOW MY
WHISTLE BY ACCIDENT, THE
PLAY MUST STOP.

WE WOULD
HAVE TIED THE
GAME. THE
SHOT SHOULD
BE ALLOWED.



I CAN'T ALLOW
THE SHOT. I
CAN GIVE YOU
POSSESSION...

POSSESSION!
TIME WILL RUN
OUT BEFORE WE
GET A CHANCE TO
SHOOT.



I REALLY TRICKED THE REF. IT'S OUR GAME NOW, EVEN IF ST. MARK'S PUTS THE BALL IN PLAY. TWO SECONDS TO GO.



I'M GOING TO
CALL A TECHNICAL
FOUL ON MONTGOMERY.

IT WAS WHITE'S
PLAY. LET HIM
KNOW IT.



YOU HAVE
ONE FREE
THROW.

WHAT A SPOT!
IF I MISS, WE
LOSE THE
GAME!

TO BE CONTINUED

THE CHURCH AT

At one time there were only twelve Bishops in the whole world; so he made plans for certain men to continue the work of the Apostles and we know that they possess the authority of the Apostles. The Greek word meaning overseer—a man who watches over things, is the word Bishop. A newly appointed Bishop is consecrated by another Bishop in the most beautiful ceremonies of the Church. After he is consecrated, he receives his crozier. After he is consecrated, he is appointed to which the Holy Father has appointed him to lead the true faith and to help his people lead that everyone is taught the doctrines of the diocese and by his good example. The Bishop has his care and he must make certain that everyone can. He has many duties and his work in the diocese is going on all the time. He is responsible for everything that happens in the diocese and is responsible for everything that happens in the diocese. In five years each American Bishop must make a trip to the Vatican to the diocese. A Bishop well deserves the title "Successor to the Apostles" that the Apostles did, and even today he might face the same

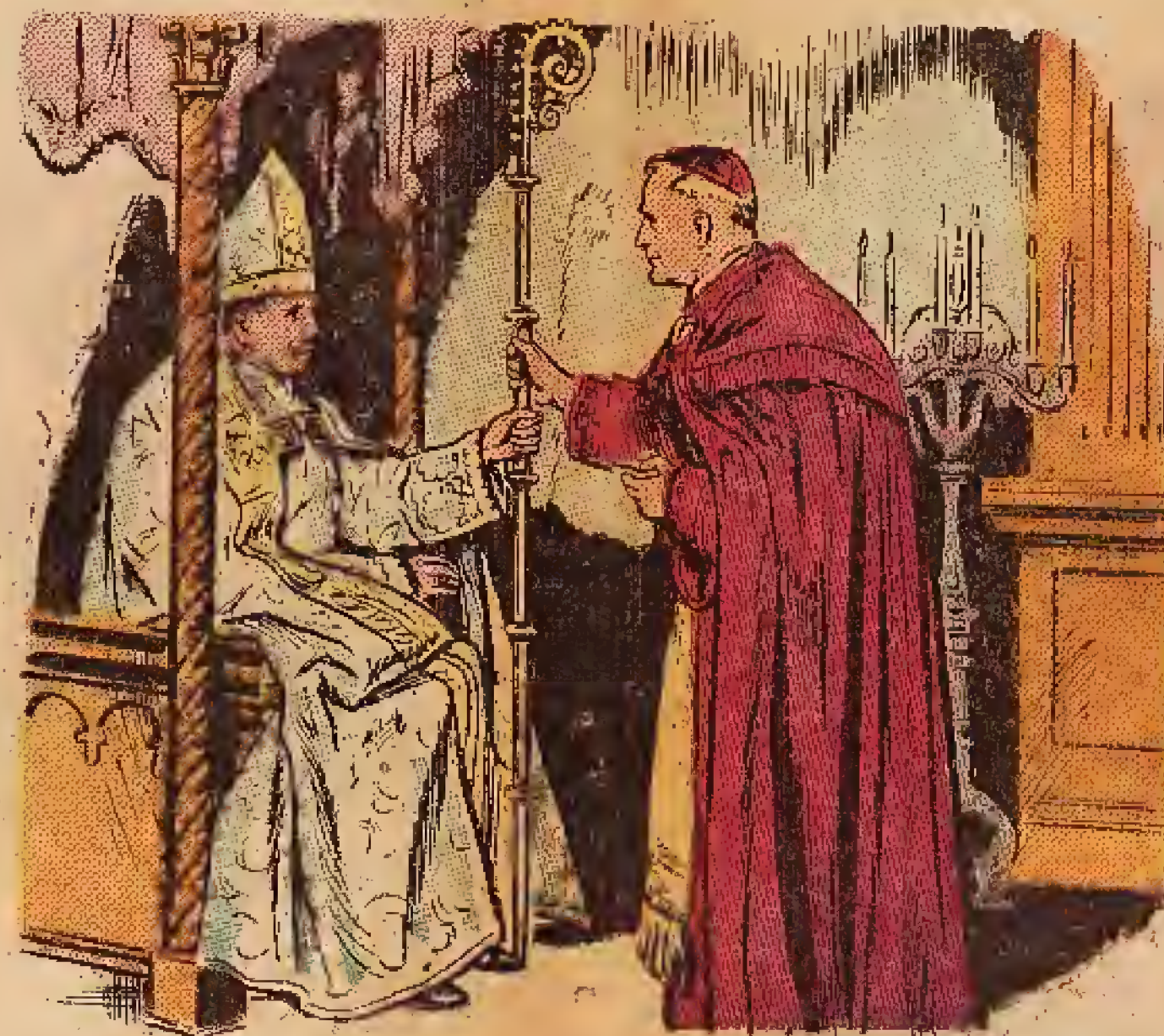


THE CHURCH AT WORK

3. Bishops

At one time there were only twelve Bishops in the whole world. But our Lord knew that His Church would grow larger; so he made plans for certain men to continue the work of the Apostles. Today we call these men Bishops. They are the successors of the Apostles and we know that they possess the fullness of the priesthood. The word Bishop itself is from a Greek word meaning overseer—a man who watches over things. The only one who can appoint a Bishop is the Holy Father himself. A newly appointed Bishop is consecrated by another Bishop. The consecration takes place at a High Mass and is one of the most beautiful ceremonies of the Church.

receives his crozier. After he is consecrated, to which the Holy Father has appointed the true faith and to help his people lead that everyone is taught the doctrines of the diocese and by his good example. The sem-

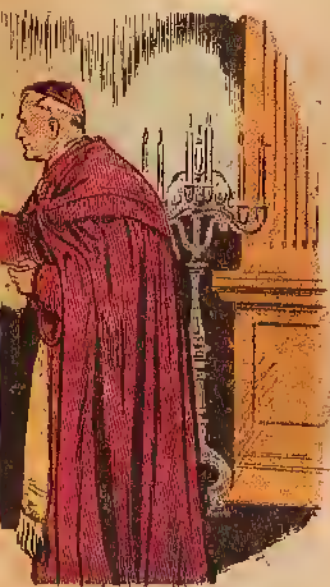


his care and he must make certain that every-
can. He has many duties and his work in the diocese is going on all the time. This is because he is the chief authority in the diocese and is responsible for everything that happens in it. Only the Holy Father is above him in authority. Every five years each American Bishop must make a trip to the Vatican. He visits the Holy Father and gives him a report on the diocese. A Bishop well deserves the title "Successor to the Apostles," for in modern life he does many of the same things that the Apostles did, and even today he might face the same kind of persecution the Apostles underwent.

WORK

3. Bishops

ple world. But our Lord knew that His Church would grow of the Apostles. Today we call these men Bishops. They are the fullness of the priesthood. The word Bishop itself is from a Greek word meaning "to oversee". The only one who can appoint a Bishop is the Holy Father, the Pope. The consecration takes place at a High Mass and is one of the most important ceremonies in the Church.



It is at this ceremony that the new Bishop takes up his duties in the diocese assigned to him. Here, it is the Bishop's duty to preserve good lives. He must do this by making sure that the Faith is kept, by visiting the different parts of the diocese. Hospitals, convents and schools are all under his care. Everything in them is going along as well as it can be. He goes on all the time. This is because he is the chief authority in the diocese. Only the Holy Father is above him in authority. Every Bishop reports to the Holy Father. He visits the Holy Father and gives him a report on the state of his diocese. The Holy Father is like the "Father of the Apostles," for in modern life he does many of the same things that the Apostles did. In times of persecution the Apostles underwent.

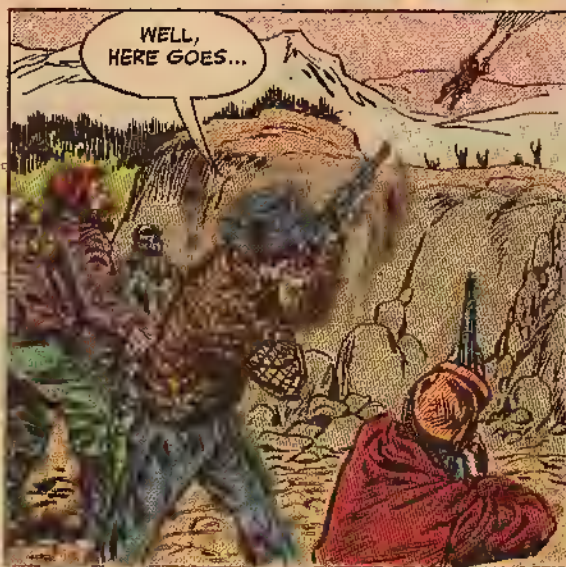
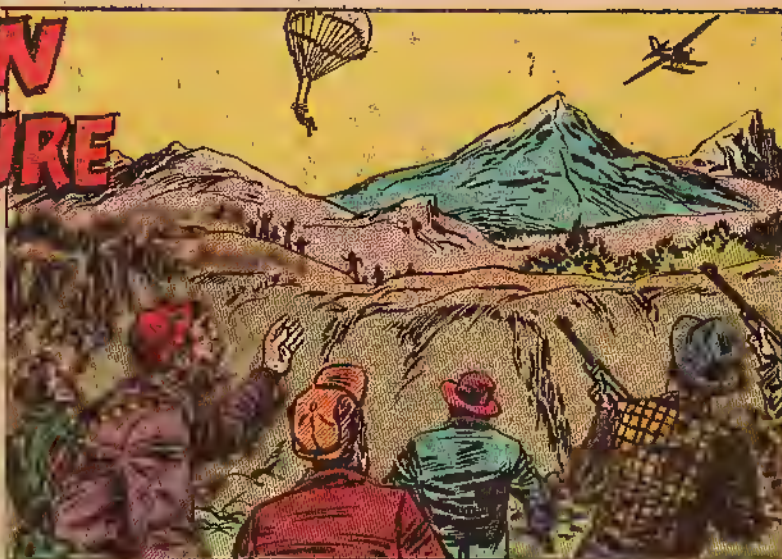
ALASKAN ADVENTURE

By CAPT. FRANK MOSS

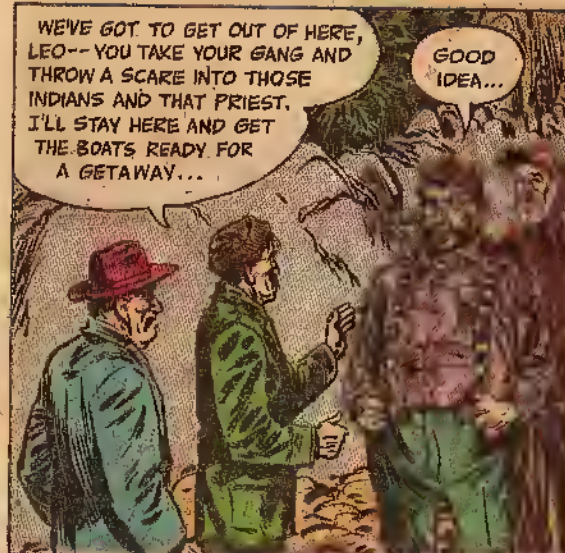
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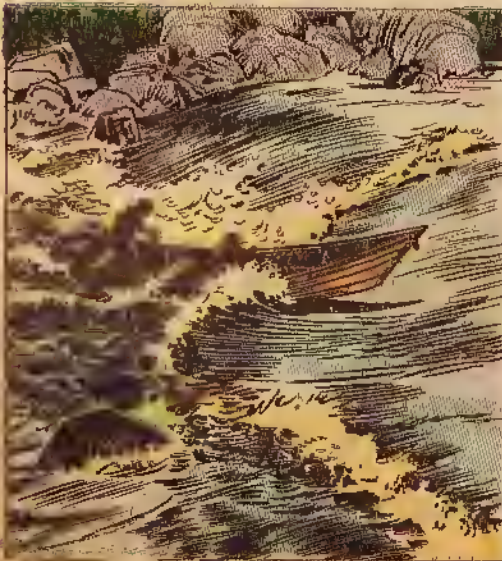
TO PREVENT BLOODSHED BETWEEN THE POACHERS AND THE INDIANS, FATHER DEAN HAS MADE A LOW-LEVEL PARACHUTE JUMP FROM GALLASHER'S PLANE...

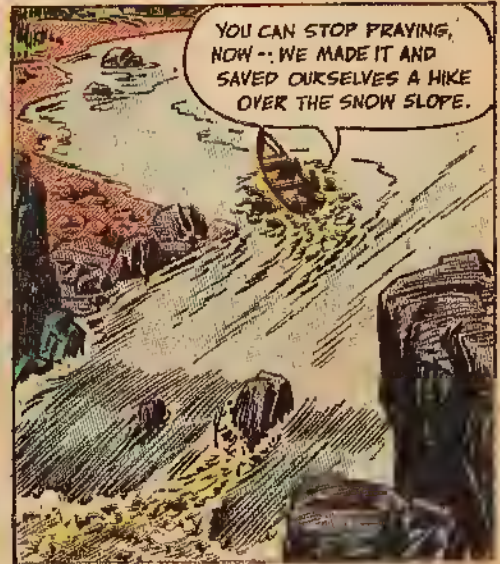
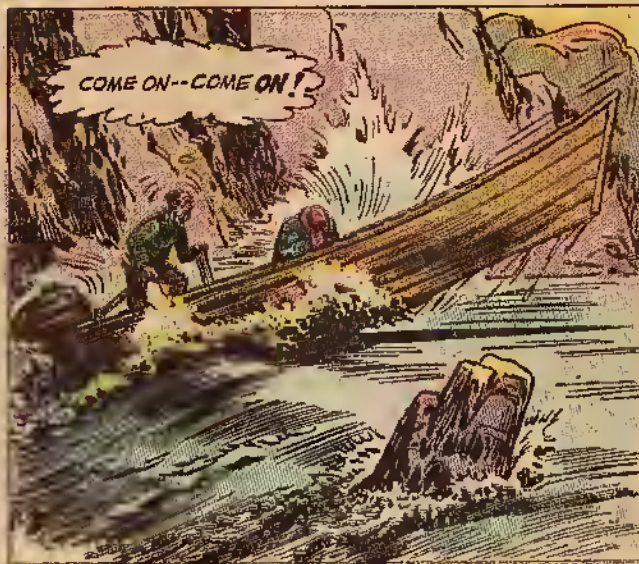
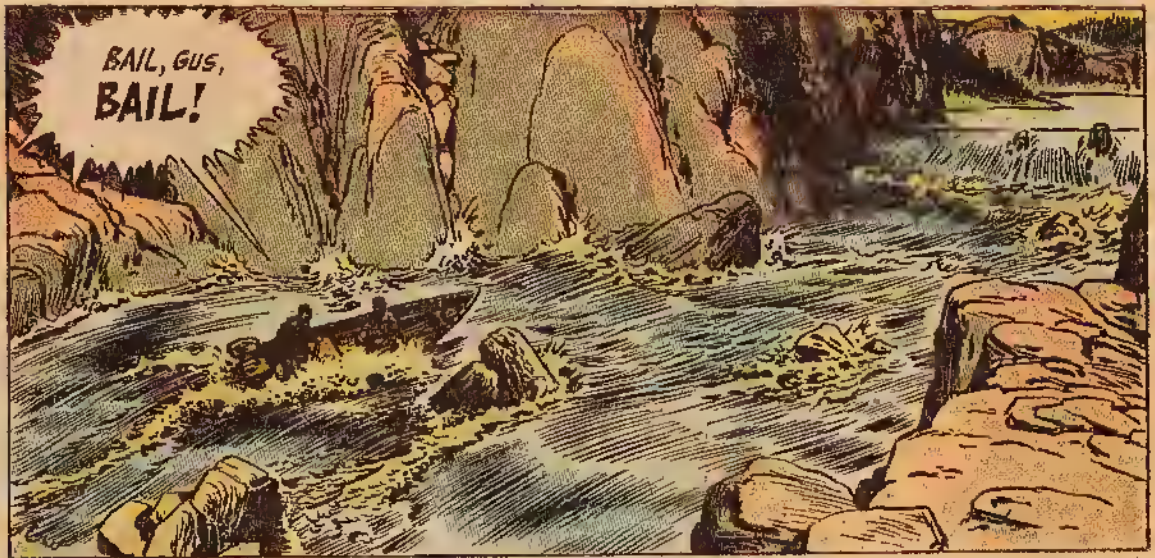
Illustrated by FRANK BONÉK







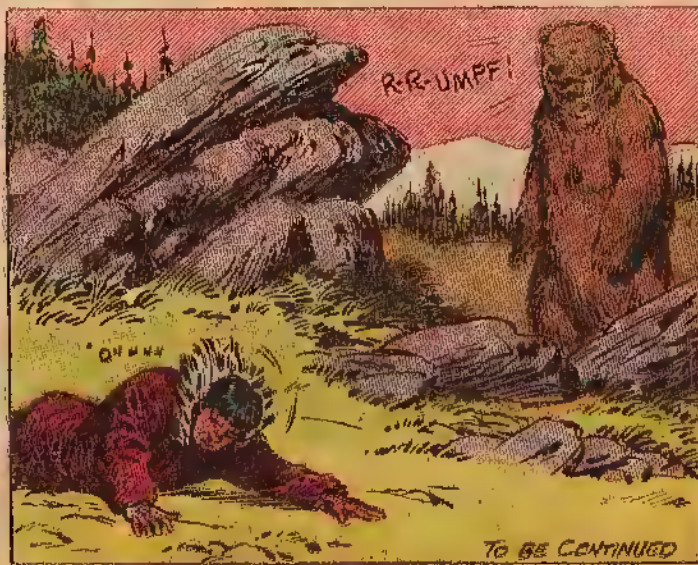
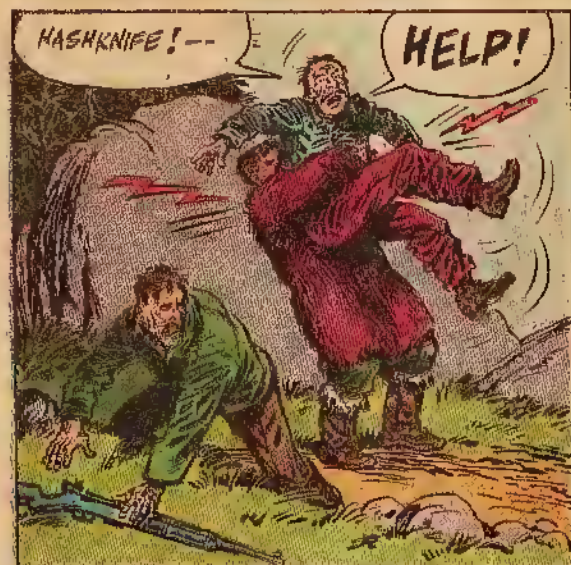




MEANWHILE, BACK AT WHITE BEAR'S CAMP...





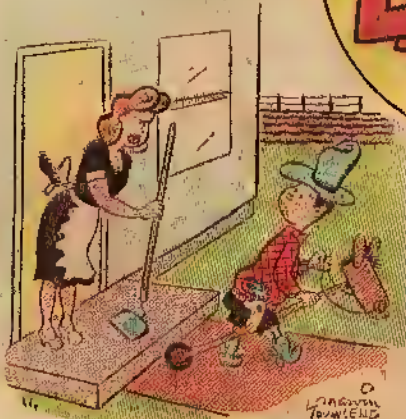




"THE BORROWED IT TO BUY A BONE!"



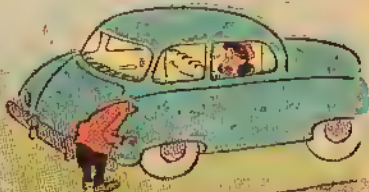
TREASURE
CHEST of
LAFFS



"ALL RIGHT, LONE RANGER! HOW ABOUT
HI-HOEING THE GARDEN?"



"SHE WANTS TO KNOW IF WE CAN CONVERT IT
TO TELEVISION!"



"WELL! ARE WE OUT OF GAS OR NOT?"



St. Valentine

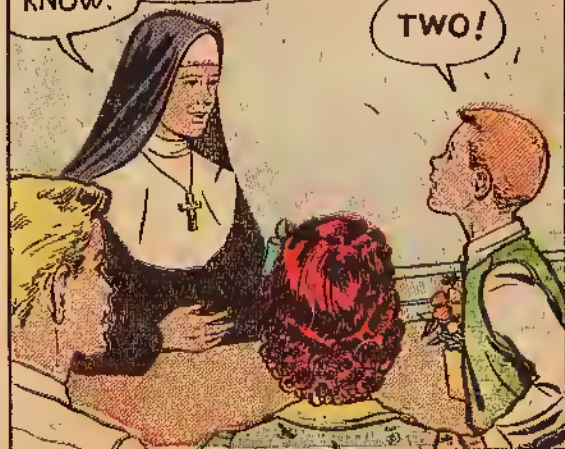
by MARY FABYAN WINDEATT

illustrated by Pat Korch



WELL, CHILDREN, WHICH ST. VALENTINE DO YOU MEAN? THERE ARE TWO, YOU KNOW.

TWO!



YES, AND BOTH WERE MARTYRS WHOSE FEAST IS CELEBRATED ON FEBRUARY 14.

I DIDN'T KNOW THAT.

NEITHER DID I.

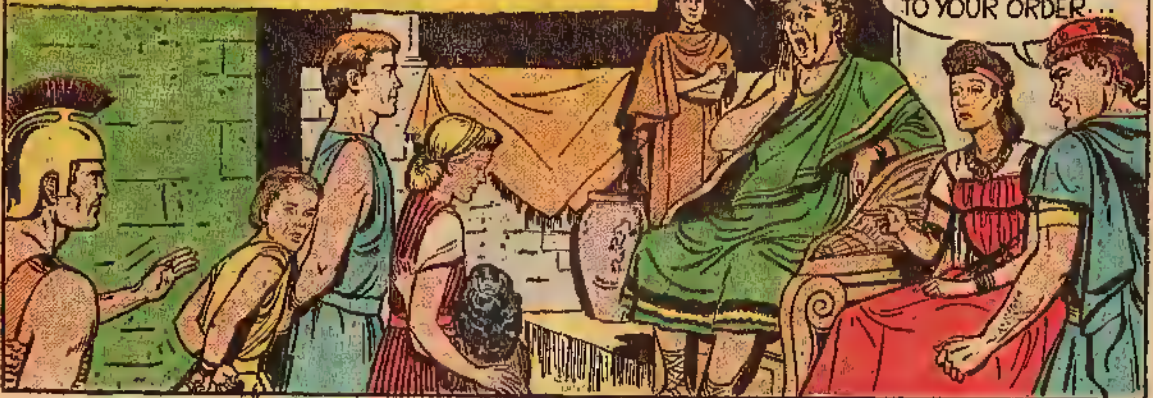


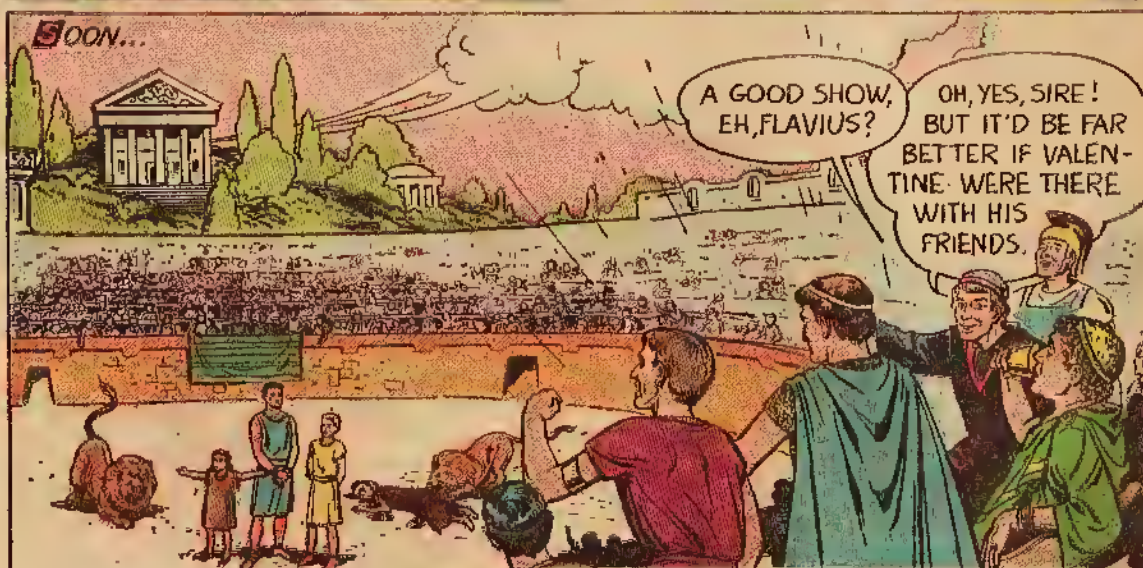


THE FIRST SAINT VALENTINE WAS A PRIEST WHO LIVED IN ROME IN THE THIRD CENTURY -- A DANGEROUS TIME FOR ALL CHRISTIANS BECAUSE OF THE PERSECUTION UNDER EMPEROR CLAUDIUS THE GOTH.

WELL, WHAT'S THE CHARGE AGAINST THESE PEOPLE? THEY LOOK HARMLESS ENOUGH.

YES, SIRE, BUT THEY ARE CHRISTIANS. AND ACCORDING TO YOUR ORDER...







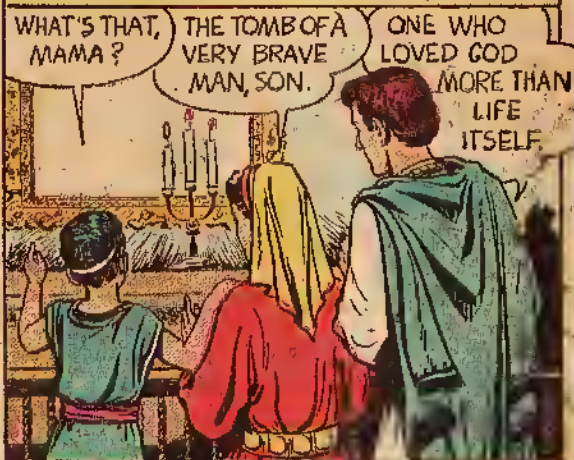
BUT ANOTHER VALENTINE, A BISHOP WHO LIVED AT TERNI, SOME SIXTY MILES FROM ROME, WAS ALSO CAPTURED BY CLAUDIUS AND...

SO, ANOTHER VALENTINE. HE SHALL SUFFER THE SAME FATE AS HIS NAMESAKE.





WHEN THE PERSECUTIONS WERE FINALLY OVER, A SPLENDID CHURCH WAS BUILT IN ROME TO HONOR OUR FIRST VALENTINE, THE GOOD PRIEST.

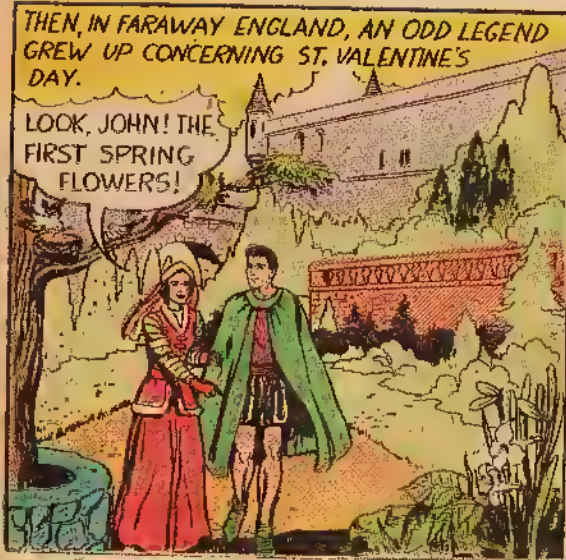


WHILE IN THE LITTLE TOWN OF TERNI, PEOPLE HONORED THE OTHER VALENTINE, THEIR BISHOP.



GRADUALLY DEVOTION TO THE TWO VALENTINES SPREAD THROUGHOUT EUROPE. BUT IN TIME, SINCE THE FEAST OF BOTH WAS CELEBRATED ON THE SAME DAY, FEBRUARY FOURTEEN, THEY CAME TO BE THOUGHT OF AS ONE PERSON.





HERE'S HOW

—THE DAYS OF
THE WEEK GOT
THEIR NAMES!

by Jack Dunning

MONDAY

IS NAMED FOR THE MOON,
OR "MONA", AS IT WAS CALLED.

IT IS SUPPOSED
TO BE FEMININE
AND IS ALSO
CALLED "DIANA".



TUESDAY

IS NAMED FOR
THE NORSE GOD
TYR, GOD OF WAR,
WHO WAS ALSO A
GREAT WRESTLER!



WEDNESDAY

COMES FROM "WODIN", OR
"ODIN", THE NORSE GOD OF
CREATION.

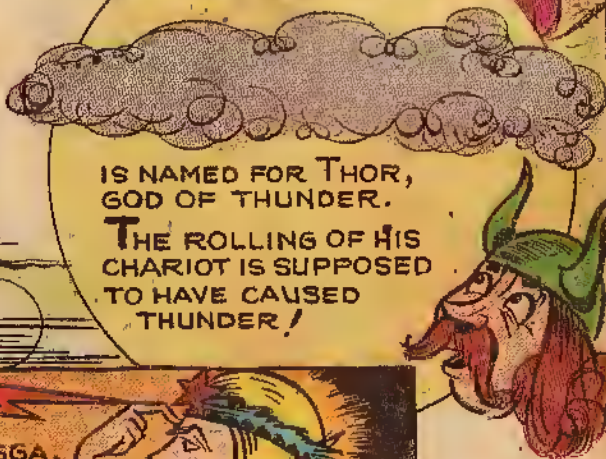
HE WAS TOP
MAN AMONG THE
GODS!



THURSDAY

IS NAMED FOR THOR,
GOD OF THUNDER.

THE ROLLING OF HIS
CHARIOT IS SUPPOSED
TO HAVE CAUSED
THUNDER!



FRIDAY

GETS ITS NAME FROM FRIGGA,
WIFE OF ODIN. SHE IS
SUPPOSED TO HAVE
KNOWN EVERYTHING!



SATURDAY

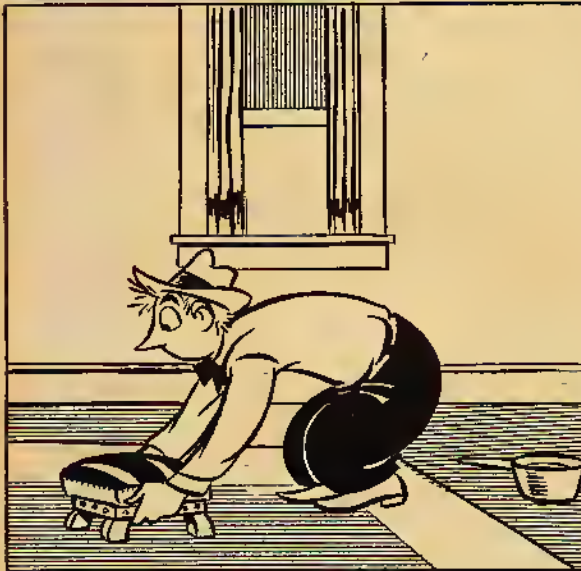
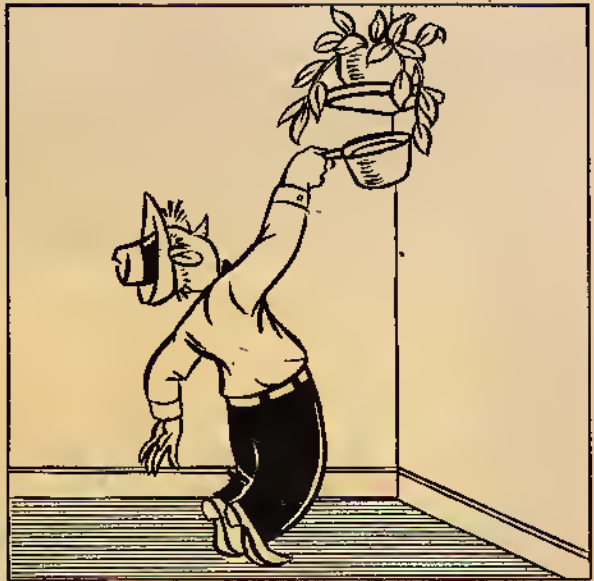
IS NAMED FOR THE
SUPPOSEDLY GLOOMY
GOD SATURN. THIS IS ALSO
THE NAME OF THE BEAUTIFUL
RINGED PLANET.



SUNDAY, AS YOU
MAY HAVE GUESSED,
IS NAMED FOR THE SUN.

SUNDAY IS THE LORD'S
DAY, OR "SABBATH," A
HEBREW WORD
MEANING "REST."





And while He was yet speaking, behold Judas, one of the Twelve, came and with him a great crowd with swords and clubs, from the chief priests and elders of the people. Now His betrayer had given them a sign, saying, "Whomever I kiss, that is He; lay hold of Him." And he went straight up to Jesus and said, "Hail, Rabbi!" and kissed Him. And Jesus said to him, "Friend, for what purpose hast thou come?" Then they came forward and set hands on Jesus and took Him.

Matt. 26: 47-51